This has been one of the saddest and most difficult periods of my life. I have been hugely hurt by a wonderful person who I have loved for over 9 years. I have been the target of allegations, speculation, ill-informed judgement and malicious rumour, all of which have been untrue, and which, fortunately, I do have the evidence to disprove. This one special person may have been the source for this, but they carry no blame. Others who have fed jackal-like on the scraps they have found, perhaps do.

For a while I was confused and angry. I could not understand how something like this could spring from such a trusting, long-standing relationship. But now I think I understand.

Sometimes in life events occur which can rip away the protective layers surrounding our emotions. Sometimes these heal. But often they stay raw and exposed, close to the surface of our lives. Scientists may describe this as PTSD, but it is more than that. There's a beauty there, too. If you know or love someone like this, you'll know what I mean. Their emotions are right there, so close to the surface. When they open themselves, their hearts, their feelings to you, it's a true act of love. What you experience from them is genuine and pure. It can't be fabricated. It's the truth. Emotional truth.

But there's more than one kind of truth. There's the truth of feelings, of emotions, of the heart. But there's also the truth of hard facts and mundane reality, and sometimes they clash and collide. These hearts cannot accept the unacceptable, even when the facts demand they should.

I have found the difference between untruth and a lie. A lie is a deliberate falsehood. Cold, deliberate, rational. But an untruth can spring from a deeper place. From a heart that has no place for the reality it's being asked to acknowledge. Instead, it insists on its own truth.

For many of us in the vtuber world, I think a constructed reality can seem a safer, happier place. And I think this world provides shelter for many whose other lives are raw and vulnerable realities. I have suffered mental turmoil myself, and have found many of the relationships here to be more fulfilling, meaningful, and safer than many I have experienced in my "outside" world.

This person that I loved for so many years came into my life before my entry into the vtuber world back when we met in person at a convention, and we built the truth of our relationship together. I thought we knew each other deeply and truly.

But maybe we never really knew the other "us" living our other lives. But maybe I never really knew the other life she was leading.

When finally we came together, there was perhaps a harsh collision of the two worlds. A clash of realities. I had not seen or expected or understood this, and I failed to allow for it.

We had worked and planned to arrange a meeting. It was to be joyful, tender, erotic, happy, open. But the reality was different. I think I did not belong in this, her other world. There, our openness and the strength of our feelings became simple vulnerability. She found no place for me in that world. But nor did she want to hurt or reject the person she had loved all these years. So she allowed a new truth to be shaped. A truth that made sense of her response, her feelings. A truth that did not match the facts of what happened, but was true in her heart. I had, now, been found by her to be a different kind of person. A person guilty of the kind of insensitivity and even sexual abuse that has no place in the world of the nine years of our previous relationship, love, and shared intimacy. So this is what was said, implied, suggested to others in that world. It is untrue, but it sprang from a hurt heart. Others fed hungrily on it, for questionable, personal reasons.

But I do owe the truth to my friends, And so, I have set out, as clearly as I can, the details of what happened over those few days of our meeting. If it reads a little clumsily , I make no apologies. It is based on simple records, communications, notes. I do not want to polish or refine this. I simply want to share the truth. But it is underpinned by evidence, solid, written and now shared with my professional advisors.

THE CLASH OF TWO WORLDS

I've known EJ (aka MistressDoomVT) for 9 years. I first met her at a convention in New Castle. We hung out a lot during the weekend and spent a lot of time together including getting subway sandwiches at 3am after drinking, dancing, and playing board games at the convention. During that time, I could tell I was crushing on her but I didn't share this until later. Later she told me that she also had

feelings for me, but we did not act on these feelings during the trip. After that, we began an online romantic and sexual relationship for a while.

We kept in communication, on again, off again for years. It was at mutual friends' wedding in November of 2019, when I saw EJ again in person for the second time. To be honest, I had thought she hated me for communication breaking off. So when I saw that she was at the wedding I was nervous. In fact when I got there she was also arriving, so I bit the bullet and said hello and waved at her. We got to talking that day and I found out that she was also worried that I might hate her because she had stopped communicating with me. So we laughed it off. That weekend we spent a great deal of time dancing and having a long conversation over several hours on the steps of the manor where the wedding was taking place. At that moment I knew, absolutely, that the reality was that I still had feelings for her. But I was dating somebody else, and that is why we did nothing. We went to our separate rooms that night, and although I was already in a relationship, I knew now that I had deep feelings for her.

Several months after the wedding, I ended my relationship with my partner at the time, to pursue a non monogamous lifestyle which allowed me to interact freely with EJ. During this time, EJ and I talked and engaged in very intimate conversations once again. We discussed how we lusted after each other and how it was hard that we lived so far away from each other. Throughout COVID our relationship was on again, off again, but our constant communication did not start again until we entered Vtubing—which I was already working in before she also entered it. During which we were talking constantly. From there our relationship grew stronger than it ever had before, and she started to do work on my channel and my streams, helping out with organizing. EJ proved herself to be extremely talented at organizational structure for my streams.

Our relationship grew into an actual romance and it lasted several years during which she confessed to me that she was in love with me and I confessed to her that I felt the same. So far as I felt and believed, we were in a romantic relationship together.(Anticipation.pdf). She was one of the few people in the world I spoke to constantly and trusted. I saw her as a partner. We shared multiple years of intimacy remotely and we spoke often of me visiting her or her visiting me. Finally, I bit the bullet and decided to book a ticket in April 2024 to fly to see her at the end of August 2024 which coincided with the event AEW All In in London, to share with her something I really enjoy. She expressed her excitement that I had actually "bit the bullet", bought the tickets and arranged my visit. She said no one had ever done something like this for her before. We talked about the

dates I would be there and discussed where I would stay in London and what we would get up to. She even stated that she would meet me at the airport and that she was very excited to see me. EJ suggested staying closer to Wembley. (___Affection and Knowledge of Trip.docx.pdf).

A few days before the trip she told me that she had a medical issue with one of her animals and she might not be able to come out. The originally intended plans might change. But in her last correspondence she stated that she was planning to come out the night I arrived. Which eased my personal anxiety as I would be alone otherwise. She expressed apprehension about being in London, away from her home; but nothing she said made clear the extent to which this would be an issue for her. And because I did not know about the severity of some episodes she had experienced in the past, and her resultant deep ill-ease about being away from home, I didn't perhaps pay as much attention to her apprehension as I might have done otherwise as the severity was not impressed upon me beforehand. She would only be an hour away from her home. But every communication we shared leading up to my departure was warm and positive from both sides.

Our correspondence was very personal and intimate, and she told me she had mental health issues which she had battled throughout her life. However, when she talked about her mental health issues, she never indicated how severe they were. But I never questioned this and I did not pry into the specifics of her illnesses. So, I was never aware of the severity of the issues she faced until I arrived in England. As someone who has mental health issues too, I can understand fighting your own demons and I would never disrespect her for this. In fact, I too have PTSD regarding flying. I told her repeatedly that I was concerned about the travel in flight. She asked if I had medication–sedatives to be specific–and I told her I did. I took Ativan, a new medication to help calm my nerves while flying. During the trip over, I took over double the intended dosage, as the flight was incredibly turbulent.

But when the time for our meeting arrived, a different reality cut in. When I landed, everything changed immediately. I realized I had increased lethargy and was disoriented, and experienced increased anxiety. I was in the uber to the hotel when I received a text from EJ saying that she wouldn't be coming until likely Saturday evening. The reason she gave was that her dog had an ear infection. What confused me about this is that she had multiple people in her home who could take care of her animals as she had informed me that in the past that these people had done so. Of course this was disappointing, as we had agreed that she would come Thursday or Friday at the latest. (___Excuses once landed.docx.pdf). But as we

continued to talk about this she kept saying that she was just afraid of coming to London because it was far from her “bubble” and was asking me to come out instead, She pivoted and stated that she couldn’t come out for the full allotment of days that she had agreed to and was pushing hard that I come out to get a hotel in her hometown and visit her instead. I had known EJ and been in love with her for years, and I thought “bubble” nerves were the only issue here. I didn’t expect them to be a real problem. At that stage I had no reason to realize that her fear of being away from home was as severe as in fact it was.

I was worried and disappointed. I had just travelled 20 hours from British Columbia to be with her and this had been planned and agreed upon for months. But now it was beginning to seem as though she was making excuses, including her animals as a reason to not hang out with me. After a long text conversation, we called one another and spoke on the phone at length. She said she was simply anxious about leaving her bubble and traveling by herself. She suggested I might book another hotel close to her home, I expressed reluctance in money needlessly being spent. It was only an hour away. We mutually agreed for her to come out that night and I travel to pick her up to allay any fear of her traveling by herself. She said she appreciated this gesture and she even paid for the train ticket for me to travel out to where she was (___Purchasing tickets for train (1).pdf). But when we met she seemed like a different person and I attributed this to her anxiety about traveling. She didn't even smile. This was not the person I knew before, who I had met at the convention or the wedding. This felt like a different reality.

We chatted during the ride back, and I thanked her for coming out. At no point during our travel or in the hotel room did she suggest she was apprehensive about intimacy with me. When we got to the hotel room, she said she wasn't in the right headspace yet, but now that the travel was over she would chill out. She had said that once the travel concluded, her anxiety would calm down and that once the travel was over she would chill out. We went and got snacks at the store around the corner and returned to the hotel room to watch TV together. I did not press her in any way. We sometimes held hands in the bed together. I fell asleep as I was exhausted from having traveled for over 24 hours. At some point she woke me up, with her hand full of unknown pills and joked that she had to take these to live. But I did not know what these meds were or why she was taking them and she did not tell me.

Gradually, into the night, we grew closer and more intimate. She didn't betray a sense of being uncomfortable with being intimate. I asked for consent for every sexual act and she gave me consent - 3 separate consents for 3 separate acts.

During the intimate act, things were said that conveyed to me that everything was fine and there was nothing to worry about.

I fell asleep afterwards. I am not sure when she fell asleep. The following morning she woke me up and said she wanted to go home towards the end of the day and return on a different day because being away from home had been more of a trial than she expected. However, she impressed upon me that she still wanted to go to The British Museum before she left. I told her I appreciated her coming out all the same, and I understood due to how clearly anxious she had been. I didn't pressure her to stay. That day we went to The British Museum as this was the activity she truly wanted to do and we had talked about the most. She left the British Museum to head home via a train after we checked some stuff out (Museum + Day after.pdf). I went my separate direction. She had left her travel suitcase and several other items in the room and, as she told me earlier, she would come back for them later.

Throughout the day I texted her to make sure she got home okay. She apologized for her anxiety getting the better of her and expressed appreciation for how I was there for her and how I had handled the situation. When I expressed regret over how I planned the trip, she stressed the fact that her anxiety had gotten the better of her but she still very much wanted to see me. Furthermore she again invited me to come out to her hometown. We talked again about having me get a hotel near where she lives if I came .

Later, she texted me again saying that she would prefer just "frendo hangout" and not so many hugs going forward. She also shared the extent of her past trauma, panic attacks, and PTSD. I listened to her history of abuse. I felt horrible for her as she went into detail. But, I understood and worried that I might have pushed her too far in getting her to leave her bubble to visit me (___Being Friends and Invite to Her Place+ Transportation.docx.pdf) .

The next day she sent an unambiguous breakup message, expanding upon her texts from the previous day. This was a shock to me and I was heartbroken to my core. However, I felt the romantic split was amicable and was hopeful that our long-standing friendship was still strong. Despite being thoroughly devastated, I told her that I understood and respected where she was coming from. She appreciated this and told me she still wanted me to come visit her at her hometown during my trip (Clarifying Friendship.pdf) .

Then we talked about her coming to the AEW show, and I asked her if she was comfortable still doing so. We went back and forth and she said that she was worried about getting home in time. (I had already said that I did not in any way expect her to stay the night as being away from home would be causing undue stress.) I told her I was willing to leave the show early to help her get her train back

home. I was adamant the whole time that I did not want her to do anything she wasn't comfortable with, and I did not want her to feel obligated as her anxiety was now clearly debilitating. The next day in the early afternoon she arrived at the hotel with one of her roommates/carers. I was happy with this because it helped her anxiety. We decided that she would pack up her stuff and we would leave it with the front desk and she could grab it on the way out later in the evening.

We all went out to the wrestling event, but when we got to the stadium, there was a fair crowd of people and I could tell she was starting to get really, really nervous. So I asked her if she honestly felt comfortable going to the show at all, just as I had asked her many times leading up to this. She replied that there were too many people and she needed to go home. I was naturally disappointed but did not take it personally as her anxiety was clearly overwhelming. So, she left with her friend who would wait nearby till she wanted to head home, so she would have someone to travel with. I saw the show alone (Attachment going to event (1).pdf and Original Attachment leaving wrestling event.pdf).

But throughout all this, EJ had been inviting me to spend time in her hometown, and she said that she and her roommates were willing to pay for a hotel there (Attachment invite to home.pdf). Had the events of our night together been as she later claimed, this enthusiasm to meet again would have been a complete contradiction. But by this point I wasn't sure I wanted to visit her home, given how much she had pulled back on our plans already. So I told her that I would think about it.

So, the next day after AEW All In, I asked her to remind me about the plan for me going to her hometown. She said yet again that she would like me to visit, but now since it was past Monday, the plans would need to change. We would not be seeing her friends and animals. Instead she would visit historical sites there with me one-on-one. (Attachment going back on home invite.pdf) At this point, heartbroken and depressed, I did not feel comfortable hanging out one-on-one with her. I decided to go home back to British Columbia and cut my trip short (___Choice to Return To Canada.pdf). EJ seemed supportive and encouraged me to do what was best for my mental health.

But once I arrived back at my home, I was horrified to receive a message from her accusing me of sexual misconduct since she had been sedated and could not give consent (___Accusation .pdf). I was shocked as I never knew she was sedated; she had told me that she needed the pills to live. I thought she was exhausted, as I had been, I did not think she was intoxicated let alone incapable of

giving consent. I went into this thinking this woman loved me. She had encouraged me to believe this. To have her pull back from me, devastated me. I had been understanding and accepted when she said she wanted less intimacy and to be friends instead, no matter how much it broke my heart. But now she was making this allegation which I knew was simply untrue. I could not understand what was happening.

So, I went over the events of those few days in my mind. This had been a sad and difficult time, with conflicting messages and mixed signals. But I knew that I had asked for and received her consent at every stage of intimacy. She clearly had been wrestling with issues and anxiety, but she had explained, and I had believed, that these were related to her fear of being away from home. These had not been presented as issues with being with me.

She didn't at any point suggest she had an issue with being intimate until after the fact. I wish she had been clearer and more honest with me about the specificity of her issues and what her limits were. This has been a terrible moment of failing to communicate properly. Yes, I mis-read the severity of the situation and am profoundly devastated. I'm still processing this heartbreak at the same time and I wouldn't wish this on anybody. We have both clearly been hurt by miscommunication.

But I was profoundly shocked and filled with sadness when, after my visit, 5 months later, EJ began sharing claims with several of our mutual friends. She alleged that I had sexually assaulted her and that I coerced her into being intimate after she had expressed a desire to simply remain friends. These claims simply did not align with the reality of our relationship. And I still have the written messages to prove this. Her version of events also altered the timeline of our trip planning and omitted key context—such as the fact that we had been in an on-and-off relationship for nine years , during which time we had twice met in person, and shared many intensely sexual interactions, virtually, online, and through texts, leading up to the trip. Friends of mine gave me insight into what was being said once this became apparent.

I'm fortunate to have friends who have known me for many years and who questioned the accuracy of what they were being told. With their permission, I'm sharing some of the messages and Discord exchanges they sent me, which reflect their perspective and support, and help provide a fuller picture of the situation (Allegations Made evidence from Bo).